



The Scribe

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Billy
Idol!
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University of Bridgeport

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25 cents

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum

It's a shame Christmas is coming. Oh, not that there's anything wrong with Christmas itself, but the time that should be spent making out lists, humming Christmas tunes and Christmasing in general seems to fly past college students who are agonizing over finals.

We can't move Christmas to, say, August, which would be perfect since there are no holidays in August and classes don't start 'til September. And we certainly can't avoid finals. But we can take a few hours off to rework our perspectives.

"Christmas for Tots" came at just the right time. With one week left of classes and then finals, tensions and stress for many students were nearly at the boiling point.

And then 65 preschool children from Bridgeport's "Head Start" program came to the Student Center Social Room for the culmination of Student Council's semester-long effort to bring Bridgeport and UB together.

UB students, along with some of the children's parents, supervised the tots while they emptied their stockings of toys tiny enough for their young hands. They colored tree ornaments and made paper chains. Santa was there hearing requests, and he seemed rather surprised when one little girl didn't know what to make of him and started to cry.

When craft-time was over, the children were filed into the Student Center lobby to join more students and members of the faculty and administration. Associate Dean Earl Sauerwein of Arts and Humanities conducted the group, which filled the lobby to its four walls, in just about every Christmas carol you can think of. Dr. Terrence Greenawalt, Chairman of the Music Department, led a brass quartet that played from the second floor balcony. Even the stingiest of Scrooges would have smiled when Leland Miles, entranced for a moment, watched the mass of tiny faces trying to remember the words to "Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer."

The children were grouped in the center of the room. They were the spindle, the core of the unspoiled Christmas spirit. Those too young to sing slept in their parents' arms and filled the room with that much more innocence.

All that was left that could end this day was the lighting of the Christmas tree. The children were led to a window that looked out to the tree in front of the Student Center, and then were told to watch carefully so they didn't miss it.

Outside, the Rev. Gerald Devore of the Interfaith Center spoke to onlookers, and his concern about the present world tensions, especially the nuclear situation:

"Every year at this time, the world lights a candle to peace. It is a universal gesture, immune to politics. The candle, when lit by people of good will, serves the good that is in us all; it cauterizes all that in us is evil. To every force arrayed in anger against an opposing force in the world, the candle's message is simple: 'The sum of the good you share in your hearts is far greater than those evils that seek to divide you.'"

"The candle, when ignited, does not detonate. It illuminates. It doesn't challenge the heavens in a thundering roar. It makes its plea in a steady flame, reflected in the eye of a wondering child or the squint of an elder who has seen it all.

"The candle graces the Menorah as it fits the tree. It is at home in all the windows of the world. Its reassurance cannot be measured. For, the good news is that peace is not to be found in the frantic mathematics of the megaton. It reposes calmly, in the magic of the candle.

"Light the candle to peace. And let this candle's power be one of our lights in the window of our university."

It was a day to sit back and tuck finals into the back of our minds. It was a day to be saddened by wars and the politics that make them seem even more senseless at this time of year.

But most of all, it was a day to see Christmas in its purest sense, as it can only be seen—through children.

UBers and area kids celebrate "Christmas for Tots"



The Student Center Christmas Tree

11 More Days 'Til Christmas



Season's Greetings!

D'Angelo Talks Sex

About 90 students turned up last week for a talk on Sex and Intimacy in the Student Center. The talk, sponsored by the senior class, was given by assistant Professor of Philosophy Edward D'Angelo, who gives a course on Sex and Love at UB.

D'Angelo began by explaining what the difference was between male and female orgasms, according to Masters and Johnson, leading researchers on the subject.

The male goes through a five step phase. These steps are desire, excitement, elevation of excitement to a plateau, which may or may not result in orgasm, followed by resolution, or decline of excitement. There will then be a time (which gets longer as one gets older) before the male becomes sexually stimulated again.

Females, on the other hand, once stimulated, do not need to

be re-stimulated, and may have as many as 50 orgasms consecutively. D'Angelo remarked that Freud had developed a theory that a woman could have two types of orgasms. Clitoral (the result of masturbation) and vaginal (the result of sex). But more recent research has generally found there to be only one kind of orgasm, clitoral. (One current exception is a study in Germany which believes there is a "G spot" in the vagina, which causes a different type of orgasm when pressure is exerted upon it.)

D'Angelo also explained that orgasm and ejaculation, in a male, are not the same thing. Each can actually occur without the other. "Orgasm is a feeling," said D'Angelo, and not a physical occurrence. However, the more fluid ejaculated after orgasm, the more pleasurable the experience, said D'Angelo.

D'Angelo then went into the

subject of intimacy, especially that intimacy which is experienced after two people have had orgasms. He said that feeling was "like two personalities melting into one." D'Angelo referred to the interactions between people after sex as "after-play," encompassing such things as saying "I love you," or "you're very special to me," or just looking into each other's eyes (looking, not staring), and called this a "very important time" in developing intimacy between a couple.

D'Angelo's final words on love were that it is the type of relationship where one person makes personal sacrifices to the other, merely for the sake of pleasing his/her partner. An important element of this, said D'Angelo, is that each person must express what he/she wants 100 percent of the time, even though the partner will sometimes say no.

Science Fiction Debate

by Robin Kurtz

The English Society presented a debate on Science Fiction entitled Science Fiction or Fantasy recently. Each took a different stance on the purpose and value of Science Fiction today; in our society.

Professor Allen addressed the purpose of Science Fiction stating that people were reading Science Fiction for the wrong reasons: pure escape. He stated that most Science Fiction was "pure junk, no better than Harlequin Romances." Dr. Griffin defended the "fantasy" point of view, stating that Science Fiction is a subset of Fantasy. He opposed Allen in saying that a moderate diet of "escapist" fiction was healthy. "We like fantasy whether we want to admit it

or not," he remarked. He further defended his point of view by saying that fantasy relates to our childhood.

Allen said that Science Fiction literature was of value when it focused on science. He remarked, "The most exciting things that are going on now as far as literature goes are in science." He criticized science fiction writers, Issac Asimov, Frank Herbert, and Anne McCaffy calling them "mediocre and barely credible." He also criticized popular writers such as Stephen King, by saying that they were "push button writers." He lauded such writers as Aldous Huxley, Doris Lessing, and George Orwell because they explored the future. He stressed the importance of the theories of new physics in litera-

ture. "The most exciting things that are going on now as far as literature goes are in science," he said.

Dr. Griffin remarked that most popular science fiction dealt with religion and therefore it was credible. He pointed to novels such as *Dune* by Frank Herbert and *Canticle for Lebowitz*, stating that they contained no hard science, but dealt with religious themes. He stated that it was valid to put a religious theme in a fantasy setting.

At the close of their debate, both debaters answered questions from the floor, and read from their own science fiction works. Allen read a "mystical poem" which was printed in *Regions With No Proper Names* and Griffin read a passage from his novel, *The Blind Man and the Elephant*. Allen summed up the significance of science fiction well when he stated, "the whole world is surrealistic."

LOOKING AT THE REAL WORLD

INTERNATIONAL 4 KILLED, 54 INJURED IN KUWAIT

A dump truck loaded with explosives ripped through the U.S. embassy gates in Kuwait on Monday killing four and injuring at least 14 along with causing extensive damage. Five other bombs went off in the city, including at the French embassy. The total number injured was 54. There were no non-American deaths.

NATIONAL LING-LING MAY GO BYE-BYE

Ling-Ling, the giant 14 year-old Chinese panda who resides in the national zoo in Washington has a kidney ailment.

On November 25, Ling-Ling became lethargic, stopped eating and began passing blood in her urine. Except to nibble some occasional bamboo stalks or sweet potatoes, Ling-Ling has been spending most of her time eating.

Doctors haven't determined what is wrong with her kidney, but have rated her chances for recovery as poor. Ling-Ling arrived at the zoo on April 16, 1972 as a gift from China.

STATE GOVERNOR SUPPORTS 21 DRINKING AGE

Governor William A. O'Neill is supporting a raise of Connecticut's drinking age to 21. This represents a new position for him and could boost efforts in Hartford to hike the drinking age during the 1984 legislative session.

O'Neill added that there would have to be a means of exempting those between the ages of 20 and 21 when it is instituted.

LOCAL BRIDGEPORT POLICE CHIEF OUSTED

The Bridgeport Board of Police Commissioners announced after their Tuesday meeting the decision to "retire" Joseph A. Walsh from his position as police superintendent.

The decision came after the Public Executive Institute consulting firm submitted a plan for a complete overhaul of the Bridgeport Police Department and charged Walsh with poor management. Mayor Paoletta appointed Thomas Thear, former chief of the Battle Creek, Michigan police department (and a principle in the Public Executive Institute) as the new head of the department.

Walsh has been with the department since 1941 and has served as its head since 1961. The official reason for the retirement was a provision in the city charter that allows for an officer to be removed from his post at the age of 60 and after 25 years of service. Walsh is 67.

Walsh has vowed to fight his "retirement."

Minute by Minute

The Student Council meeting on Wednesday December 7, 1983 was called to order at 9:00 p.m. by Vice-President Eric Prinz. Eric Prinz sat on as President due to the absence of Chris Dickey. Council approved the Theta Epsilon Sorority constitution.

Kenny Gross, Senior Class President, announced that the "Orgasm and Intimacy" lecture by Professor DeAngelo was a

big success. Over one hundred people attended.

Student Council Board of Directors announced that Spring Week will begin April 11th. The Billy Idol Concert was sold out.

Editor's Note: The Scribe News Department would like to thank Marc Weisenfeld for his contributions this year, specifically noting his Minute by Minute column which has appeared all semester without a byline.

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FEDERAL LAW requires that you have an "EXIT INTERVIEW" in the Accounting Office, Room 108, North Hall, if you cease to be a full time student, plan to leave school for any reason, or plan to graduate this December.

The Office will be open every day from 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon and from 1:00 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. for this purpose.

Please bring copies of your promissory notes with you and come prior to Graduation or leaving school.

The EXIT INTERVIEW is to familiarize you with the possibilities of postponement and partial cancellation of your repayment schedule.

Thank you for your co-operation.



Protestors with Pickets in Front of UB Law School

(Photo by Matt Preka)

Protesters Target Law School

by Robin Kurtz

Protestors, carrying picket signs and distributing literature marched in front of the School of Law building last week, charging that law schools are training their students to be criminals.

"A Den of Criminals" was written on one of the signs, and the leaflets distributed described the arrest of one person who

was jailed for not paying fines for violating zoning laws in New Hampshire.

Dr. Howard Glickstein, dean of the UB School of Law, said the protestors have picketed other college campuses and that the protest was not directed at the UB School of Law.

"They were just picketing to show their disappointment with the legal system," he said. "It

has nothing to do with our law school."

One of the articles distributed from the Dover Democrat in New Hampshire dealt with the case of Richard Bonser, who was jailed for violating zoning ordinances and refusing to pay court fines.

Other pieces of literature had headlines declaring "Taxation is Theft" and "Are Your Really Anti-Establishment?"

"Call Mayor Koch" to Air Live on Thirteen

New York City Mayor Edward I. Koch will answer questions from New Yorkers and viewers from the surrounding area in another of THIRTEEN's series of telephone-to-television news conferences with area leaders.

CALL MAYOR KOCH, a live

call-in program, will be telecast from the THIRTEEN Broadcast Center in New York City on Friday, December 16, from 10-11 p.m.

The program will be moderated by Dick Oliver, assistant to the editor of the New York Daily

News and host of the radio program "The Daily News Tonight," heard nightly from 6-7 p.m. on WOR-AM. This year, Mr. Oliver won an Emmy Award for his role as host of New York & Co., the 1982 public affairs series produced by THIRTEEN.

SYNTONY

Being normally responsive to and in harmony with one's environment

by Dr. Derek Paar

As this academic term nears its completion you have one last hurdle to jump before the end. Final exams soon begin and with that can come late nights, tension, and anxiety.

In order to perform well and succeed in your exams a couple of things ought to be done. (It should be mentioned that these suggestions are offered along with the assumption that you have reasonably kept up with your work.)

First of all, pay attention to your body. Sleep well, eat well and get some exercise during this week. You will not express what you have learned throughout the course of the term if you have worn your body down to the point where it is in rebellion.

Secondly, it is important to realize that sitting at your desk for great long hours is very inefficient and brings an unproductive result. It is difficult to consume new information in the third or fourth hour of a study marathon. Your mind wanders and you struggle to keep your attention to the work at hand. Each of you has had the experience of reading and not remembering a thing on the page. So you go back and read it again. On about the fourth reading you either make sense of the material or say the hell with it. To prevent this from occurring limit your study sessions to 15-20 minutes. Study vigorously for this brief time and then take a break. Go for a walk, talk to a friend, get some water, but do something for a few minutes that has nothing to do with studying. You return to your reading more alert, more refreshed, and a whole lot less resentful.

When you do take the exam it is helpful to remember that if you have studied well and have learned the material all that is left is a matter of communicating your knowledge. You can do this a great deal more effectively when you are relaxed and comfortable. If you find yourself getting tight while trying to think of the right answer take a few seconds to let your mind wander to a comfortable scene. Enjoy this little vacation from that question and then go back and answer it. It's a simple fact that people convey their thoughts best when relaxed.

Finally, I'd like you all to know that Anne Hislop is retiring from the Counseling Center after taking a Sabbatical this coming Spring. She is a genuine nice person who has added a friendliness and openness to this University over the past 13 years. She leaves us all with a warmth we can capture by simply remembering her.

Viewers will be able to call THIRTEEN with their questions for the Mayor beginning three hours prior to broadcast time, when special telephone numbers for the call-in will be announced and posted on air.

Questions will be reviewed to ensure a diversity of subjects. Viewers whose questions are selected will be called back during the broadcast and will then speak directly with Mayor Koch on air.

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In Return

A short story
by Doug Swift

I was actually looking forward to these holidays, you know what I mean? I been working down at the factory for about three and a half years now. That place can really get to you, so I couldn't wait for Thanksgiving and the four day weekend.

I went to the Shelton-Derby football game on Thanksgiving morning—it's the big rivalry up here in the valley. Figured maybe I'd see some old friends from the Shelton class of '79, like Chris Palamar—I always meant to ask her out. But she wasn't there and neither was anyone else I wanted to see—just a bunch of insincere jerks. Some of those guys haven't changed a hair in three years. Lucky I had some Mr. Boston's blackberry with me, so at least I got a little nip on.

When I got home Milt was laying on the floor in front of the TV, and Jeff was laying on the couch. They're my brothers. Grandma was sitting in an easy chair across the living room from the TV—she doesn't like football, but then she can't really hear or see very well, so— And Mom and Aunt Ida were in the kitchen fixing the dinner. It smelled great, too. That's one good thing about our holidays, the food is always excellent.

I walked in and said hi to the folks and kissed them, and then I sat down in the old green swivel chair near the picture window and started to watch the game. The Giants and the Lions were playing. It seems like the Lions play every single Thanksgiving; I always wondered why that was.

I couldn't get into the game, though. Not with having a bit of a nip on and all. I could hear Dad outside chopping wood, even though I couldn't see him behind the pine tree in our back yard. I saw Cheryl, though. She's our short-haired collie Dad bought to be his fishing buddy for when he goes up to Maine, which is every chance he gets. He goes up there alone, usually—he and Mom take separate vacations—and he needed company for the eight hour drive and to walk around the woods there looking for rivers where the "really good fishing is," as Dad always said.

Then I looked around the living room and saw birthday paper on the floor near Jeff, and a box with a shirt and some pants in it. I'd forgotten it was Jeff's birthday. I still can't believe he's thirty years old. At least he's got a job this year, selling wallpaper I think. He was unemployed for a long time. I remember when he used to be my idol, when he was in high school. He always had girlfriends and he played baseball and just did cool stuff like that. He never tried in school or any of that. He was going to turn pro-baseball I mean...

I used to play football myself. And when I made captain of the freshman team I decided that that's what I wanted to do when I grew up. So I went home and I told Mom and she said, "Oh my God, he wants to be a football player. Do you know how many boys your age want to be football players? What makes you think you could do it." Looking back, I guess she was right. I'm glad I quit after sophomore year; it was a waste of time.

Back to Jeff, though. I can't get over him being thirty. Mom said it too: "I can't believe you're thirty," she goes to Jeff. "I was married and had three kids by the time I was thirty." Funny thing about that, though, was there were never any wedding pictures or anything like that around the house. In fact, my parents never even celebrated an anniversary. I was eighteen when I started thinking about it, and I figured that Mom and Dad were both nineteen when they had Jeff, and Dad was in Korea then. So I could see how they wouldn't have time for a wedding, I just don't know why they didn't wait until after the war to get married and have kids.

They're pretty good parents, though. Too good, if you ask me. They should have thrown Jeff out of the house a long time ago. And why they give Milt so much money for college when he never shows any ambition is beyond me. He never even works during summer breaks.

It's really Mom who does all this. Dad would just come home from work and play with Cheryl. He never wanted to know about what's going on. When he'd come home from work he used to get on all fours and start nuzzling Cheryl and talk to her real sweet—like "how's my pretty girl?" And Mom would go, "how come you never greet me like that?" It was really kind of funny.

But I remember the one time that Dad got really mad. It was our fault, though, me and Milt's. See, Dad used to make those planes—the ones you make out of balsa wood, that have real motors and fly by remote control. I remember a blue and white one he had when I was real small. He took us down to the swamps in Lordship so we could watch him fly it. That thing was really great.



Well, after that he started to build a boat—the same sort of thing, with motor and all. He had a work space in the cellar where the blueprints and all his tools were spread out on this big work table. He got the frame of the thing built, but then he didn't go down there for years. I guess he was just too busy, what with working and taking care of the family.

I was about eight years old—this was when Milt and me were collecting those small plastic football guys for the metal electric football fields, except the metal fields never worked. So Milt decided to move all of Dad's stuff off the work table so he could make a football field there and play with his guys—you know, moving them by hand. And it turned out pretty decent. So I thought I'd make my own football field, but the only place for me to build one was on the other table where Milt had moved all Dad's stuff to, so I moved it again. I put the stuff wherever I saw room—on the floor, in an old dresser; I put the boat, which was starting to fall apart, on top of the dresser; I threw the blueprints behind the dresser 'cause they were getting ripped up.

But my football field was as good as Milt's—we were kind of competing, I guess. Pretty soon, I had like my own little football league: ten full teams; a field drawn on the table with colored chalk; stands that I filled up with guys that weren't playing, or had broken arms or something; I even had my digital alarm clock down there to be like a real scoreboard clock. It was almost real.

Until the night Dad came down looking for a tool. I was playing there alone, and when Dad got a look at all his junk all over the floor and dresser, his blueprint ripped up and his tools scattered God knows where, well, he blew his f----- stack is what he did. I tried to tell him his tools were O.K., that they were in those drawers, but he wouldn't listen.

"You miserable little brats!" he yelled, and he yanked a drawer right out of the dresser and threw it at Milt's table. The little football guys went flying all over the place, like in a war movie with guys getting blown out of foxholes. And Dad just got madder and madder and he threw a drawer at my table. I wanted to do something to stop him but I couldn't. Beside, I was really scared! I went running upstairs and into the kitchen to pour myself a glass of milk.

Jeff comes in and he says to me, real pissed off-like, "You been playing my records again?"

I guess I was crying a little so I didn't even look up at him. But Mom was standing in the dining room and she said, "Leave him alone. Don't you think he's been through enough for one night?"

But he started yelling at me, "Have ya? You been playing my records?"

So I screamed, "NO!" And it was the truth. I wouldn't have touched one of his records for all the money in the world.

"Don't lie to me," he says—as if he were really someone special—and then he slaps me across the face.

I wanted to kill him. I started throwing punches with all my might. I don't think I hit him though—he had an eight year reach on me. But I was swinging hard, and he was backing off. I really wanted to hurt him. Then Mom stepped in to break it up and I elbowed her right in the jaw.

"Ow!" she yelled, and she grabbed her face. I looked at her, and I could still hear Dad ripping apart the

cellar, and I just ran into my room and fell onto my bed and cried into my pillow like a f----- baby.

Well, like I said, it was the last time I ever saw Dad get really mad—and it was kind of my own fault. It was also about the time Jeff stopped being my idol, and it was the last time I ever cried.

But I've gotten way off track. Supper was finally ready and we were all around the table helping ourselves when Dad and Cheryl came in. And Dad goes, "What was my ax doing stuck in that log. Who was chop-... I should say, who was trying to chop wood?"

I could picture a big fat log on the old chopping block, with a million slits on top from ax blows, and scuff marks in the dirt like from some big humongous struggle, and not so much as a wood chip in the dirt, or a crack in the log, except that the ax was stuck from one, last, all-of-his-might swing.... I could just picture the log laughing at him and I started cracking up. Jeff's face kind of turned red and tight, and that just made it funnier. It's not like I hate him anymore, that was when we were kids. It was just funny to me that he would even try to chop wood. Everyone was laughing by this time, including Dad, who was trying to be serious or something when he brought the whole thing up. Jeff even kind of laughed. We usually joke around like that at the dinner table. Like later, after we were done eating, we started talking about Roger, our minister—really Mom's minister, being as she's the only one who goes to church. He had to start his own church because he got kicked out of Walnut Congregational because he believed in touching people where they are sick and them getting healed, or something. I never really understood the details of it. So Dad makes believe he's shaking hands with him. Then Dad looks at his hand and he goes, "Roger, my wart. It's gone! Hallelujah!"

After dinner, Mom invited Mr. and Mrs. Felder, our next door neighbors, over for coffee, and they all decided to show the home movies. I really hate the things, myself. Especially the one of me as a real fat and ugly baby: I'm lying on the couch and I'm trying to lift my huge head to look around and it keeps falling back to the couch. So I lift it up again and wham! it falls to the couch like a godam rock. I try and lift it again—by this time, everyone is laughing like crazy, and I used to really hate it, but the thing is, you can't let them know you hate it. You just have to sort of laugh along, and then when other people do something stupid you laugh at them. I guess it's really kind of fun.

Well, that was about it for our Thanksgiving, except for Dad driving Grandma back to the home. Nothing great, like I told you. And, as usual, time really flew by towards Christmas. One day we all piled into my '67 Pontiac Catalina—even though it's a junker, it's the only station wagon in the family—and we went up to Jones' Tree Farm to get our Christmas tree. As I parked the car I looked up the hill and saw a few blue Christmas trees so I said, "Did you know they painted those trees blue?" I didn't know if it was true or not, I'd just heard it somewhere. Jeff and Mom were the two who would usually argue something just for the sake of arguing, but this was so weird I guess they figured I knew what I was talking about. But Milt figured I was full of it.

He goes, "Are you kidding me or what. They don't paint Christmas trees, those are blue spruce." No one

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disagreed with him, so he started to really lay it on. "Who the hell told you that. That's the stupidest thing I ever heard of. You'd believe anything."

I wasn't about to argue with him—I never argue with anyone in my family. But don't you know that when we got up to the blue trees they were surrounded by blue grass and blue rocks.

So Jeff really laid it on Milt. "Nooooo," he goes, "they don't paint Christmas trees. That's the stupidest thing I ever heard of." When Jeff mimics like that it can be irritating as all hell.

So Dad told Jeff to shut up, and then he said we should look for a tree where we were, which was strange cause we were only halfway up the hill, and we always went up the top where the bigger, better trees were. Dad wasn't feeling too great, though, being as he bumped his leg in work the week before, and it had been bugging him ever since. He didn't even want to go and get the tree, but Mom said something about "the whole family should go"... she can really get to you with that crap. So Dad got Cheryl and off we went, and there we all were, only halfway up the hill, and Dad just wanted to grab a tree and get out of there; and Jeff was having a lousy time cause he got yelled at; and Milt was mad cause he made an ass of himself; and Mom was all out of breath cause she smokes two packs a day and calls reading a book exercise; and I was sorry I hadn't brought along some brandy or something cause it was kind of nippy on that hill.

We found a tree pretty quick—a little smaller than normal, but what the hell, a tree's a tree, right? We got it home and set it right up in the stand in a corner near the picture window, next to the swivel chair. Mom broke out the Christmas cookies and put a Johnny Mathis Christmas record on. I strung up the lights—which used to be Dad's job, 'till he taught me how. Now he doesn't do any decorating on the tree. He never did have fun with it.

After the lights were set, Milt and Jeff and me hung the ornaments, and when that was done we started hanging the tinsel. Milt was kind of slinging it on while Jeff was doing it practically strand by strand. I could tell he was getting mad at Milt.

Then he yells at Milt, "Quit throwing so much on! You're supposed to do it like this."

So Milt goes, "What the hell difference does it make—"

And Jeff says, "If you're not going to do it right, don't do it at all!"

So Milt threw down his hand full of tinsel and went storming down to his room. I stopped, too. Jeff gets so serious about things he ruins it for everyone.

I sat down in the old green swivel chair and listened to the Christmas carols. I rubbed my hand over the wooden arm of the chair which Cheryl had chewed to a coarse roundness. Dad was limping around outside, and he started to play frisbee with Cheryl. She's really a beautiful dog. The way she ducks her head forward and runs full speed for the frisbee—kicking up grass as she runs. Then she slows down, you know? and jumps way up into the air to catch the frisbee. Then, real cocky, she kind of trots back, her head up high, the frisbee clamped in her mouth. Real pretty.

Dad was leaning against the maple tree—I guess to keep weight off his bad leg. I think it was hurting him a lot more than he was letting on. I mean, we're not mind readers, you know?

Anyway, he grabbed the frisbee from Cheryl and threw it, and off she went again. I never saw Dad so happy as when he watched that dog run. And that whole week before Christmas he played with her for hours and hours.

I went shopping the night before Christmas Eve, to finish up, and as I was walking around Trumbull Mall I started thinking I ought to get Dad a present that really would mean something to him. I mean, I don't know why I thought it—maybe I was a little buzzed or something. And it wasn't like I was buying everyone else cheap presents, either—I blew a load on Christmas. But it was all stuff like lighters and pens and shirts; nothing that really meant anything.

You usually can't do it—if you try and buy something, like a painting say, and you give it to somebody, odds are they'll laugh you off the face of this earth. But for some reason, I figured I ought to get something like that for Dad. And I just happened to be passing some smoke shop when I saw it. It was sitting there in the window, and I just stopped and stared. It was perfect.

It was a ship, about three feet long and almost a foot wide. It was crafted down to the last detail: the sails and ropes of the masts; dingys hanging off the sides; hatchways to below deck; all the little men on deck. It was beautiful.

I had to beg the clerk to take a check for two hundred and thirty five bucks, and he finally did after I showed him about six IDs. All of a sudden, I couldn't wait for Christmas morning. It was weird. I couldn't wait to see the look on Dad's face when he saw that ship.

The next morning—even though I had to get up early

and go to work—I was all excited just thinking about the ship and the look that would be on Dad's face when he saw it.

The boss let us out of work at lunchtime, it being Christmas Eve, but then he invited us to go over his house for eggnog. I wanted to go home, I planned on it—I really did. It's just that everyone was going. And besides, what could have possibly been the harm in going over the boss's house for an eggnog or two on Christmas Eve day. The guys would've thought I was anti-social if I didn't go. I mean, how was I supposed to know....

Why couldn't Dad've waited until I got home? Maybe I could've given him his ship. He might've gotten to see it. Why couldn't he have waited a few f----- hours?

So there I was, walking up the front steps, all happy and whistling. But I knew something was wrong as soon as I walked in the front door. There was no noise. There was always noise coming from our house, be it arguing or joking or the TV or the stereo.... But there was nothing.

I stepped inside and stopped. Jeff was lying on the couch, just staring up into the ceiling. Milt was probably in his room. And then I could hear Mom in her room crying. There were no lights on, and it was starting to get dark outside, so I went over and plugged in the tree. Then I stood up and looked out the picture window.

Mom's crying was getting louder and louder—she was coming up the hall.

On the outside of the window, there was a drop of water that had run down and froze. It looked nice in the reflection of the Christmas tree. I remember that.

I could see Mom's reflection in the window when she walked into the living room. She saw me and she practically screamed, "Rich!" It was the first time I ever really heard her call me by name. She sniffed and cried harder.

There was a knock on the door before she could say anything else, and she kind of stumbled and changed directions to go answer it. I just stared outside.

It was Mrs. Felder at the door, and she was crying, too. And she said, real sad-like, "I'm sooooo sorry." And she grabbed Mom and mawled her like some kind of bear or something. And they just stood there, hugging each other and crying and waving back and forth.

Outside, Cheryl had walked slowly around the pine tree, sniffing her way toward the maple. And all of a sudden I felt like crying, seeing her out there all alone. It hit me right then: Dad was gone. And I felt like crying. I really felt like crying.

Mom was telling Mrs. Felder about how she was just

down the bedroom wrapping the last of the Christmas presents, and when she finished she brought them out to put under the tree and when she looked out the window she saw Dad lying there on the ground, real strange like, with his leg all twisted beneath him.

And while she's telling this she's crying like all hell. I just wished she'd stop crying.

I watched Cheryl walk over to the maple tree and pick up the frisbee. She looked all around, then she looked right at me through the window and stared. And she dropped the frisbee and turned and walked away. I could barely see her, it was getting so dark out.

And Mom kept talking and crying as she talked, and she told Mrs. Felder how she went running out there and he was just laying with his face in the grass, and when she went to touch him Cheryl started growling at her. Mom was really crying when she told that part. I could barely understand her about the blood clot traveling from his leg to his brain, and she cried and I was really wishing she'd just stop crying or shut up or something. She finally couldn't talk anymore, she was crying so hard.

I sat down in the swivel chair and watched outside until it was pitch black. Mom was sitting in the chair across the room while Mrs. Felder made coffee, and pretty soon people were coming over with food. A lot of people were bringing over Christmas cookies and stuff they'd made for their families, and one family—whose house we usually go over, cause they have a party every Christmas Eve—brought over some of the food that was for their guests. I wanted to go over there later on, like always, and I told them I would. But I never did.

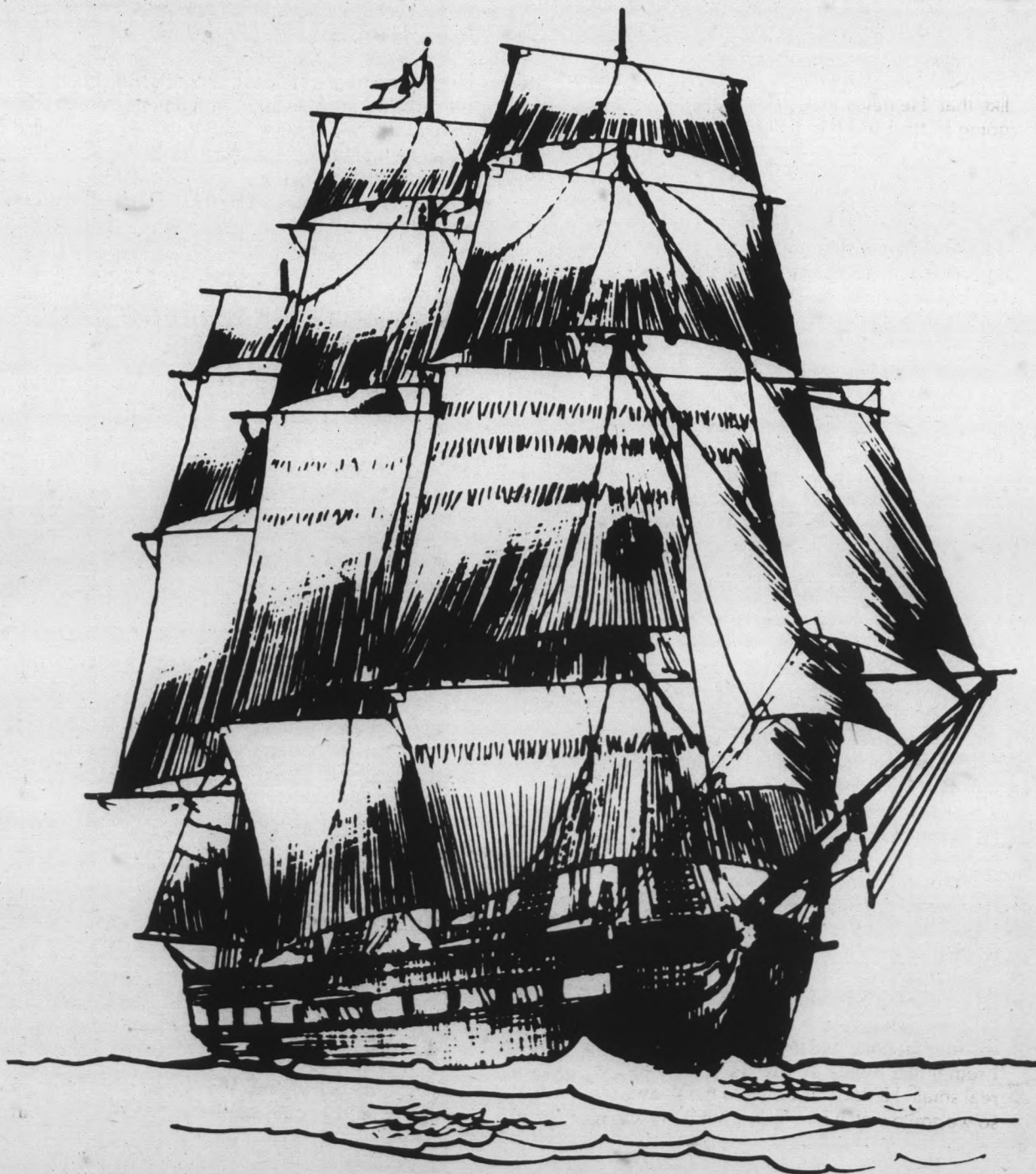
What really got to me was all the people—the way they just looked at me and shook their heads and whispered that they were sorry. They couldn't even talk. Except some of them said how well I was holding up cause I wasn't crying or anything: and I wasn't.

And no one could stay around long, it being Christmas Eve, and them having to get back to their families and put the kids' presents under the tree, and take a bite out of the apple the kids left Santa so the kids'd believe he'd really come.

And Mom was still crying this morning at the funeral, and the same people were telling me again how well I was holding up.

And we decided to open our Christmas presents tonight—cause nobody felt like it Christmas morning, you know?

So I've got to get going now, and see if I can't get my money back for this ship.



INFORMATION

LETTERS

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Dear Editor,

Being a member and officer of Hillel I found it very upsetting to have to go through the Scribe seven times to find the article on Hillel's first campus-wide Menorah Lighting. Not only was the article hard to find, but it was cut and the title could have been in larger type. It is hard being a minority on campus, but sadder to be treated like one. The photograph of the Scandinavian Christmas was recognizable more than the article about Hillel which just shows where your priorities are.

Sincerely yours,
Justine Talsky
 Publicity Secretary Hillel

Dear Editor,

On November 30th the University Senate approved (with only 3 negative votes) the administration's proposed Academic Calendar for 1984/5 and 1985/6. In each of these years no classes are scheduled for Good Friday (a Christian Holy Day). However, classes are to be held on the Holy Days of the Jewish religion (as well as those of the Buddhist, Hindu, and Moslem religions).

As a non-sectarian institution, let us be even-handed in our treatment of all religions and not set up a hierarchy of holiness that designates Christian Holy Days as somehow more important than those of other religions. If we are to schedule classes on Yom Kippur, let us

also schedule classes on Good Friday. The administration's rationale that classes are cancelled on Good Friday because it is a "state holiday" is specious in view of the fact that no classes are cancelled on other state holidays (i.e., Washington's Birthday, Martin Luther King Day, Columbus Day).

Support staff (i.e. housekeeping) contractually have the state holiday off. The expense of keeping a minimal staff on duty on overtime Good Friday seems a small price to pay to avoid offending the non-christian members of this community and to demonstrate the University's equal treatment of all religions.

Susan Reinhart
 Art Department

Dear Editor,

I am replying to Michael Szakacs's letter in last week's Scribe. I'm afraid I have to disagree with you, Mr. Szakacs.

A recent past managing editor of the Scribe and classmate of mine always said, "Instead of sitting on your butt complaining about the Scribe, why don't you join us and try to improve it?" No one would speak after that comment.

The Scribe has gone through its good and bad times since I have been reading it. It is comprised of students who are either trying to gain journalism experience or just having fun writing stories. Regardless of their reason, they are just students trying to do a good job informing their readers.

The Letters to the Editor is a public forum. If only those letters which you call "simply absurd" arrive to the Scribe office that week, then the editors are required to publish that person's comment. Most professional newspapers, even the one in your town, Mr. Szakacs, have that problem at times and are required to provide such a service, no matter how absurd.

This semester's Scribes have been the best since I began reading them four years ago. I don't condemn past staffs but I know where credit is due. Sue Zavadsky and staff have turned the Scribe into a very enjoyable and professional college paper. The new type style makes it easier to read and the layout is well balanced. With having to attend classes full time and put out a weekly publication of campus events, I am pleasantly surprised that the Scribe staff doesn't put out "printed diarrhea," as you called it.

Your letter appalled me, Mr. Szakacs, since your letter offered no way to stop this "diarrhea." Though it was "just a thought," frankly, I wouldn't be surprised if you couldn't do better.

Gilda Caserta

CORRECTION

The Scribe regrets that the picture appearing above Craig Harris' picture in last week's Scribe was not Craig Harris.

Campus Corner

MEMORIAL SERVICE

There will be a memorial service for former UB student Lauri Kreis at Carstensen Hall on December 15, 5 p.m.

SHUTTLE SHIFT

Effective December 1, 1983 the Wheeler Recreation Center will no longer be the issuing department for cab passes. The Department of Public Safety will now be the issuing department. The times that a pass may be used will remain the same.

ENGLISH PARTY

The English Department will be having a Christmas party today, 3-6 p.m. in the English Department Lounge, fourth floor of South Hall.

GROUNDSWELL

The deadline for Groundswell, the UB literary magazine, is tentatively set for February 3, 1983. Groundswell will be accepting poetry, short fiction, short non-fiction, photographs and graphics.

STICKING AROUND?

All residence halls except Barnum Hall and Seeley Hall will close on Friday, Dec. 23 at 10 a.m. and will reopen on the following dates:

-Friday, Jan. 6 from 9 a.m. -12 p.m. -students staying in Barnum and Seeley.
 -Sunday, Jan. 8, 9 a.m. -Bodine Hall opens for new and returning students.

-Sunday, Jan. 15, 9 a.m. -returning students who are not staying in Barnum and Seeley.

If you must remain on campus during the vacation period (12/12/83-1/15/84), personally report to the Office of Residence Halls, Student Center, Room 114 before Monday, December 19, 1983 at 5 p.m. At that time, you will register your name and leave a \$25.00 CASH DEPOSIT.

There will be a charge of \$20 a night for staying less than seven nights, \$10 a night for staying more than seven nights.

All check ins for vacation will be on Friday, Dec. 23, from 9 a.m.-12 p.m., check out for vacation will be Monday, Jan. 9 from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. in Seeley Lobby.

ARMENIAN ART AND ARCHITECTURE

On Dec. 18 from 2-5 p.m., Dr. Lucy der Manuelian will present a slide lecture on Armenian Art and Architecture in the Tower Room of the Arnold Bernhard Arts and Humanities Center. Admission is free and open to the public.

GUITAR CONCERT

Rose Torre, guitarist, will present a Bachelor's Degree Recital on Sunday, December 18th at 4 p.m. in the Bernhard Center Recital Hall. The recital will feature classical, pop, and jazz selections. A reception will follow in BC 216.

LOST AND FOUND

Lose a notebook, textbook, or address book, a pair of glasses, or keys, dorm keys, or house keys, a sweater, raincoat, jacket, or suitcoat? We the friendly information desk staff have quite a collection. Please stop by the Student Center and give your lost items a happy home.

COMMUTERS

Are you a commuter? Do you believe commuters have special concerns and problems? Do you listen well? Do you have at least a 2.0 QPR? Are you understanding, empathetic, patient? Would you like to be trained to be a commuter advisor? Contact Marilyn Gordon, Student Center 110 or x4016 before Jan. 10, 1984 to discuss this new opportunity.

PARADISE

Dance your way to the Canary Islands Super Dance '84, UB's 4th annual dance marathon, will be held Feb. 4 and 5. Early registration is December 1 to 23. Many other prizes are available. For further info, call X4486. Second prize is a ski trip to Quebec City. People interested in volunteering their help can attend a brief meeting tonight, Thursday, at 9 p.m. in the Student Center.

FAF'S

1984-85 Financial Aid Forms are now available at the Financial Aid Office. The Deadline for applying for financial aid is March 1, 1984.

Calendar of Events

THURSDAY, DEC. 15

Give your loved one a Shmoo for Christmas, available in Student Center 110 8 p.m. Musical Theater Workshop, "A Little Show," directed by Rosemary Finegan, Bernhard Center Recital Hall
 11:30 a.m. daka Holiday Special Lunch, Social Room

FRIDAY, DEC. 16

Classes End
 8 p.m. "Ah, Willy," readings by Morris Carnovsky of selections from Shakespeare, Recital Hall

MONDAY, DEC. 19

Finals Begin

FRIDAY, DEC. 23

Student Center food service ceases after lunch, Faculty/Staff Dining Room will reopen 1/9/84
 Cafeteria will reopen 1/16/84
 Dorms close 5 p.m.
 Finals End - Holiday Begins
 Have a Peaceful, Safe Holiday

GUEST COLUMNS

A Prayer For Peace

For thousands of years, Jews have been the champions of personal and religious freedom. Oppressed by the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Christians, the Nazis, and most recently the Russians, they have swallowed the bitter pills of discrimination, persecution, exile, and genocide.

Now, during this Hanukkah season, Jews around the world are celebrating their freedom from Assyrian oppression. During Passover, they will celebrate their people's flight from the Pharaoh.

And yet, ironically, these people who decry persecution are today the persecutors of Palestinians on

the West Bank. They who have protested their own exile are now forcing Palestinians from their homes. They who have fought against minority status are now turning Palestinians into second-class citizens. They who fought for their religious freedom are denying others that same freedom. They who were dehumanized in the second World War are now dehumanizing the Palestinians. How can Jews justly claim that oppression is wrong if it's directed to them and right if it's directed to others?

As Americans, we are in a strong position to influence the Israeli government. We must urge our

congressmen not to send to Israel federal dollars which will be used in the oppression of the Palestinians.

Let us view the holiday season as a celebration of religious freedom for all peoples. Let us greet the new year by establishing goals which will lead to a just resolution of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

Richard Arens

Professor of Law

Alfred G. Gerteiny

Professor of History

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE ARTS AND HUMANITIES?

by Dick Allen

Charles A. Dana Professor of English

During the past few years, newspaper readers in several states have been seeing full page advertisements for the University of Bridgeport—ads featuring our Colleges of Business, Engineering, and Health Sciences. Yet the one college of the university which is generally regarded by most outside UB as its finest—the College of Arts and Humanities—is neither advertised nor stressed.

The reasons given for this lack of playing up UB's core strength are many. Administrators tell us that entering students seek directly career-oriented fields, that the wave of the future is high-tech, that where the engineers and the Business majors and the like go, the arts and humanities students will follow. Administrators tell us that UB must define itself more narrowly, as a technological and business-oriented university. Our university president says that a new mission for arts and humanities professors is to provide core liberal arts courses to assure that our career-oriented students will be widely educated.

None of these reasons lacks partial validity. But all of them ignore a basic fact about UB: our major attraction is that we are a UNIVERSITY, with the full offerings of a university, rather than a trade school. Our best students—many of them not in arts and humanities, of course—come here for the university experience, an experience which offers them not only a diversified student body with diverse majors, but opportunities to change direction, to enter other majors should their original majors not work out.

And the heart of any good university (and UB is certainly better-than-average) is its College of Arts and Humanities.

And the heart of a fine College of Arts and Humanities is its teaching and publishing faculty.

And in this area of Connecticut, the UB faculty in Arts and Humanities is decidedly superior to that of other institutions like Fairfield University, Sacred Heart University (where academic standards in many fields are a joke), Western Connecticut University, Southern Connecticut University, Quinnipiac, UConn at Stamford, the University of New Haven and, certainly, that of Housatonic and Norwalk Community Colleges.

UB has an overall (all colleges) equivalency of superiority to many other private and public colleges and universities of mid-size, non-Ivy, and middle-level intensity in New Jersey, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and other states. Its nine percent rise in Arts and Humanities College enrollment this year—against all odds—is only one indication of its appeal.

But for years our administrators, rather than emphasizing and playing up the strength of our Arts and Humanities College, have—with few exceptions—either taken it for granted, acted as if it doesn't quite exist, or treated it with hostility. An administration which knew its faculty's strength better would certainly, by now, have adjusted its advertisement tactics. It would say that not only does UB broadly educate the non-Arts and Humanities major but, with its co-op programs, its double majors and major-minor programs, gives the Arts and Humanities major a chance to concentrate in his or her field of first love and first choice AS WELL AS prepare for a specific career.

It would get the word out to prospective students that at UB the English major, for instance, can concentrate in creative writing but prepare for a specific career by also taking journalism or advertising courses, and working on student publications. A History major or Theatre major can also take business courses, or co-op; a Political Science major can

prepare for Law School—and so on. Such advertising would undoubtedly further increase Arts and Humanities enrollment at UB.

All of this in addition to the plain fact that many majors in fields where students do not prepare for a specific single career (such as Nursing) have fully developed plans to go into a family business, or a trade, or the military, or graduate school anyway. Many others, particularly adults, are here mainly to actually be educated, to learn, study, read, think, talk about life, in depth at the best university available to them. Many students, even younger ones, are not overly worried about specific career preparation. They're here to have a full university experience.

They usually know that many liberal arts graduates start on the job market with low-paying entrance jobs, but that after a number of years they can rise to positions of higher salary, power, prestige and satisfaction than many narrowly-educated graduates. The graduate who can write and reason and organize and research and communicate well can quickly move up in any job—in civil service, publishing, in state, local, and national government occupations, among many others.

Even a quick glance at our Arts and Humanities faculty will indicate its quality: a heavily published and internationally recognized History Department, containing exceptional scholars; a Philosophy Department with internationally known theorists; the massively published Justus van der Kroef in Political Science; one of the country's highest ranked Cinema Departments; one of the nation's highest ranked Design Departments; an excellent Psychology Department, with nationally known faculty members such as Dorothy Singer; a Music Department with such leading musicians as Robert Preston and Sal Salvador; the acclaimed artists in our Art Department; Langdon Brown in Theatre; widely-published novelist Russell Griffin, scholar Wilson Kimnach, anthropologist Frederick Lapiques in English; brilliant teachers like Richard Tino in Advertising, David DeGrood in Philosophy, James Scott and Richard Doenges in English, Wilfred Garcia in Spanish, Thomas Juliusburger in History—and scores more.

What about the records of our students? English, the department I know best, is considered one of the finest of its size in the nation. Our students consistently publish in major national magazines, have consistently won statewide contests for their writing (beating Yale students), have gone on with major fellowships in literature or writing to graduate schools such as Brown, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Yale, as well as to leading law schools. Other Humanities departments could cite equally impressive records for their graduates.

It may come down to the Arts and Humanities quality being the best kept secret at UB.

But now we're back to two major questions: can we "save" Arts and Humanities and can we "sell" it? These questions are inexorably linked.

Damage has been done. It was downright stupid for the Administration to begin phasing out the majors in Philosophy and Foreign Languages, and it would compound this stupidity to eliminate further undergraduate majors central to the core of a university strong in the liberal arts.

Either the majors eliminated or under review should be re-established, or joined with those of an affiliate university, such as Fairfield University.

The Administration often proposes that a major is not "strong" if it has a few students in it; therefore, say administrators, the major should be eliminated even though it's costing no extra money; stress should be given to majors with adequate or high demand.

But there's an error in conception here. If UB administrators would look closely at many excellent

small liberal arts schools throughout the country they'd find that many of these offer basic humanities majors and arts majors to a more limited amount of students than does UB. Often, a liberal arts school has only two or three professors in a certain important major, only a handful of majors, and many of the upper-division courses are "independent studies." Arts and Humanities majors don't need large numbers of other students in their particular majors.

UB should keep its basic traditional liberal arts majors, albeit on a small scale, following the model of liberal arts colleges. Course loads, productivity, can be made up by professors teaching in other areas, such as the Core, Basic Studies, and the Capstone.

As even a small acquaintanceship with future studies would show administrators, a university must remain flexible. Keeping core majors like Sociology, even on a reduced scale, is necessary if we are to respond to the years ahead when student demand and economic conditions can change radically. There is nothing really wrong with building up the Connecticut Technology Institute, nor continuing to strengthen our College of Business and our other colleges, but only as these are done simultaneously with maintaining the strengths of Arts and Humanities.

Probably a good model for the future would be a school known as UB/CTI—a school nationally known and recognized for its leading technological institute AND its nationally accredited other colleges—as is M.I.T., as is Carnegie-Mellon, even Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. But to do this, advertising and promotional material must spread the word that we have a UNIVERSITY here. It must emphasize our Arts and Humanities direct—not just supplementary—strengths rather than letting the College of Arts and Humanities sink or swim in the economic tides and currents.

Students often hear about a school's reputation from the high school teachers with whom they come most frequently in contact: History and English teachers, primarily. If UB deliberately set out to make further known its strengths in just these two areas—perhaps by funding a major national academic journal (I'm not, by the way, interested in editing such)—our reputation would be quickly enhanced.

What happened to the Arts and Humanities at UB? The same thing that happened and continues to happen to most other universities throughout the nation. In the 1970s, as the children of the baby boom completed their passage through college, the demand for those majoring in non-specific career preparation fields dropped drastically, college costs rose, liberal arts students found entry-level positions harder to get, costs of housing and of raising families increased with the rapid inflation. Students and their parents began to play it safe. They wanted jobs pretty well assured immediately after graduation. And the pool of available students dropped as the rising costs of private colleges like UB climbed—forcing many to seek cheaper higher education even at the price of attending inferior state colleges and universities.

At UB, the problem was worse. UB's College of Education was a major one, with such a large enrollment that its students helped fill and carry many arts and humanities classes. Then the bottom fell out of Education. New students did not wish to become teachers (low pay, low prestige, discipline problems and the like). Education majors stopped enrolling. Or some of those who still wished to become public school teachers were forced, because of economic pressures, to the state schools. It didn't matter much where you went: a teacher was a teacher was a teacher, and UB's superior Education College faltered, dropping enrollment in arts and humanities courses as it plummeted.

Continued on page 11

ARTS & LEISURE

It's Beginning to Look a lot Like Christmas



Sealey 4 East residents reveling in the festive holiday spirit.

Rennell residents room ruminates with a touch of yuletide.



Groundswell Festival

Faculty and student jazz, poetry and fiction all mingled together recently in the Carriage House at the Groundswell Arts Festival. Groundswell is the UB literary magazine.

The faculty members who read were Russell Griffin, Kevyn Arthur and Dick Allen. Student authors were Doug Swift, Jacquie Herz and Christine Miller. Musicians, from the UB Jazz band, were Glenn Firester, Todd Schneider and Sean Smith.

Among the musical selections was a Christmas piece from Peanuts, a "Charlie Brown Christmas."

Poet Dick Allen read a poem from the father's point of view of a son coming home from college for Christmas. Allen also read a beautifully imaginistic poem on El Salvador, among other pieces.

Kevyn Arthur, a part time English faculty member, read from his collections of Caribbean poetry, including a piece questioning the marriage partner of the Virgin Mary.

Russell Griffin read from a

novel in progress. The passage he read focused on an aspiring writer who had not the talent to write.

Student author Christine Miller was the first reader of the evening. She read a short story called "My Papa's Trumpet," about a young black boy in the south whose mother is dead, and father has left him with nothing but a trumpet. The story, written in the first person, has a flowing dialect steeped in interesting similes.

Jacquie Herz read a short story entitled "Fragments," which focuses on the relationship of a married Jewish couple, and the couple's young daughter.

Doug Swift read a meditative series of poems about Time set in New Hampshire, as well as a poem published in last year's Groundswell about the universality of people, entitled "A Korean Family Plays for an American Family."

About 30 people attended the Coffee House styled event, of which the most important element—ambiance—was contributed by the audience.



The H.B. Christmas tree warming the
spirits of passers-by.



Thanks Mike,
Rob and
Howie for all
the great gifts.

Merry
Christmas
& Happy New
Year to all
good people.

"A MOVING MOTION PICTURE...
A LOVE STORY...
A TRIUMPH!"

— Gene Shalit,
NBC TV TODAY SHOW

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YENTL

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| * WHILE CONTINUING AT | | NO PASSES ACCEPTED FOR THIS ENGAGEMENT | | * RKO ROUTE 4 SEVENPLEX PARAMUS ROUTE 9 CINEMA SHREWSBURY PLAZA TOWN EMERSON | |

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IDOL NOT IDLE

British musician rocks UB

by Syth DeVoe

It seems that every time a new artist's music is described a new name or word combination is generally employed. Categorizing and labeling the music popular in today's top 100 charts is about as simple a task as accurately diagnosing neurological diseases. It becomes impossible to do with any degree of simplicity. Such is the case with Billy Idol. One may easily categorize his musical output as Heavy Metal, or New Rock or even Dance Punk. Of the three, dance-punk may stake the heaviest claim of accuracy.

In the rough and aggressive world of commercial music, one thing that becomes important early in a career is an ability to stand out. Be it a gimmick or hook, elaborate stage show, or questionable off-stage moral habits, everyone is in quest of that something that makes that artist or band unique.

After Saturday's performance at Harvey Hubbell gymnasium, one would be hard pressed to deny that Billy Idol is unique. Not necessarily synonymous with original, Idol's uniqueness stems in part from his creative combination of rowdy danceable rock with a punk appearance or image. Someone who has never seen what Billy Idol looks like, (the number of these individuals is steadily dwindling) may have difficulty associating the name with the face.

From the opening chords of "Don't Stand in the Shadow" it became apparent that the show was placing a high priority on heavy rock. As the concert pro-

gressed it seemed that Billy's leather and spike apparel and bleached blonde electrocution-style hair were the only purely-punk parts of the show. Well into the set he sang "The Untouchables" which was culled from his punk past when he was with a band called Generation X in England. But this song was basically rock oriented as was the case with other Gen-X hits, which included "Kiss Me Deadly," and his set-ending "Dancin' With Myself."

This estrangement from the safety-pin through the nose days may have proved a disappointment for hard-core punkers. Being somewhat disestablishmentarian in nature, the true punk faction may harbor resentment towards Billy for "selling out" to commercialism.

Be that as it may, his new sound is popular and successful. The one impressive factor of his sound is its unpretentiousness. Containing none of the controversial political overtones of the Clash or complex riff structures of the Police, Billy Idol and his backup quartet play basic hard rock. According to Billy, "There's nothing sacred about vinyl." His bizarre MTV videos depict Idol electrocuting post WWII building climbers in "Dancin' With Myself," and motorcycles crashing through stained-glass windows in "White Wedding." These videos, though creative, would die in the hands of an unenthusiastic performer. Watching Idol on MTV and in concert Saturday, he is certainly not unenthusiastic.

His image making hit "White Wedding" performed midway



through the set, featured an interesting fog and light show. He continued on to play numbers from the past to the present to an exhausting version of "Kiss Me Deadly" which featured fast fingers on the fretboard by guitarist Steve Stevens. The concert highlighted several songs from the new album, "Rebel Yell," which Billy Idol described himself as a more "streamlined" rock and roll project. These hits-to-be included "Don't Stop the Rock," "Blue Highway," and the flamboyant "Rebel Yell." This last song reflects a bit of his rebelliousness retained from his earlier days. Billy described in an interview that his parents were responsible for his interest in music; "They hated music so I felt I had to get involved." His finale was the Gen-X hit "Dancin' With Myself."

His first encore lends credence to the 'dance' portion of his music labeling as he performed the Tommy James and the Shondells chart hit "Money Money." This featured a performer-audience call and response during the Yeah? ... Yeah! ... refrain, along with the hefty thudding bass riff from Steve Webster and the steady drum-beat from ex-Scandal member Tommy Price.

His second encore was almost worth the price of a ticket alone. During it Billy Idol demonstrated an interesting blending of styles with his own dance punk, and that of a rock classic by performing the Door's "L.A. Woman."

One of the numbers Idol didn't perform was "Hot in the City," which would have given keyboardist Judy Dosier a chance at a solo introduction. Nonetheless, her harmonies blended in well with the rest of the band and the concert in general, left little else to be desired.

Billy Idol casts in his wake a healthy portion of controversy. Though never attaining a level of sickness comparable to Ozzy-bite the head off a live bat in concert-Osbourne, he has had his share of disk-jockey shockings and on-stage antics. All of these promoters' nightmares were well anticipated by the SCBOD and although the 2x4 and pine plank barricade in front of the stage sighed and billowed under pressure from the enthusiastic fans, the sold out crowd was held well in check as the show went off without incident.

Those among the early Idol

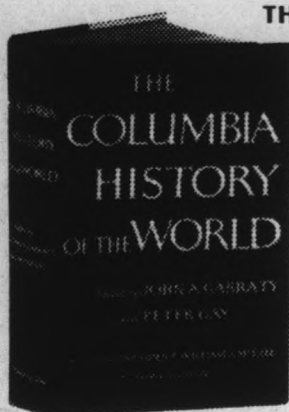
year idolers who were expecting a strictly Punk show were understandably disappointed with the heavy metal sound generated Saturday night. Concertgoers who enjoy their rock hard and rowdy, however, were not unpleased.

In general, if one is partial to rock music one can appreciate the fact that basic rock, whether punk or new, can be fun if done properly. After Saturday's concert it seems safe to say that Billy Idol has fun playing his music and there will probably be a healthy future for him if he maintains his present pace.





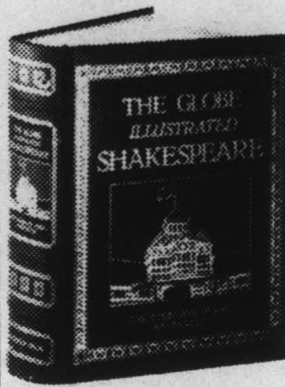
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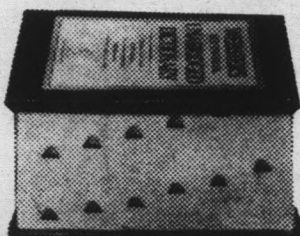
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SPORTS

Women Cagers Scorch CCSU

by Paul Krafcik

The UB women cagers upset a heavily favored Central Connecticut squad, by a score of 74-63 Wednesday night. Bonnie Richards poured in 23 points to lead the University of Bridgeport, while Liz Sellinger, Whitney Brown, and Cherise Mickle

chipped in with 17, 13, and 10 markers, respectively for the winners. Sethe Thompson topped Central with 14 points and Hope Kelly added 10.

The significant aspect of this game wasn't the fact that the Lady Knights won so convincingly but that they won—period.

This victory was the first of the

season for the Lady Knights, and put their record at 1-4, but more importantly 1-0 in the NECC. Central with the loss dropped to 2-5.

The Lady Knights returned to action Monday night, December 12 at the Harvey Hubbell Gymnasium, to face AIC. Game time is 5:30 p.m.

What's Happening to A&H?

Continued from page 7

The trend was evident even fifteen years ago, but neither UB's College of Education nor its Arts and Humanities staffs prepared adequately. It was a classic case of having too many eggs in one basket and it graphically illustrates what could easily happen if UB places too many eggs in the high tech and Business basket.

Like Education, Engineer and Business demand goes in cycles and a downward trend is on the horizon for the 1990s. At the same time, there will likely be a large new demand for teachers and a mini-baby boom entering high school in the 1990s.

UB would be well advised to keep a solid—albeit reduced—teacher preparation program in place, especially one which stressed the sciences, language, English, History, and Math. Salaries in public school teaching are due to rise dramatically, jobs will again be readily available, national and state government will offer generous grant and scholarship programs. When we enter our future recessions, teaching jobs and the security they offer will seem more attractive. UB should be ready to be strong in superior public school teacher preparation in the mid-1990s.

The changes ahead will be many, but they can be met and UB/CTI or CTI/UB could have a chance to move from a better-than-average private university to maybe even a MAJOR national and international institution—the institution it looked like it was going to be in the late 1960s.

But in order to do this the Administration must reverse both its implicit and explicit attitude toward Arts and Humanities. And the Arts and Humanities faculty, rather than blindly pretending we're going back to life as it was in the 1950s and 1960s or making ill-reasoned comparisons of UB to other schools which have extremely different student pools of applicants, may have to make further compromises.

Our faculty discredits itself with overly idealistic expectations and shames itself by its short-sighted and relentless invective against the Administration. Similarly, President Miles and Vice President Eigel continually shame themselves by their inability to cope with many realities beyond cost-productivity, the high-handed attitude of the Administration continually insulting to many members of our best departments.

The UB faculty union will continue to play a large role in our deliberations and planning. Its very existence has done much to keep UB the strong institution it is (witness the academic and morale destruction going on at many colleges and universities without unions) but union leaders and administration leaders, unfortunately, seem seldom able to dull their hard noses as contract talks come closer. Each side pivots for the best advantage in a very serious game that one would think both sides could rise above.

It is probably too much to expect that faculty and administration members could resist the continual yells, screams, bluffs, threats, curses, insults, suspicions, unrealistic demands and unnecessary refusals to share information that plague union contract negotiations—and the pettiness that dogs manipulations on both sides—but one continues to hope even though such seem inherent in the American bargaining process.

I didn't much care for President Lyndon Johnson, but his slogan of "Come, let us reason together" seems to apply. It is high time that UB's College of Arts and Humanities cease being the center of a windstorm, and be promoted, instead, as the proper core of the UB experience, offering solid majors in Arts and Humanities, not just core arts and humanities courses. Most of us would agree we should plan for a future institution of about the size we are now or somewhat smaller, a school where a major technological institute exists side-by-side with its ADVERTISED reputation of a leading liberal arts-oriented university.

Continue to slight Arts and Humanities and UB is acting like a marriage broker trying to offer a technological body with only a partial soul (read William Faulkner on the Snopes family). The liberal arts core is not enough. Even our strictly career-oriented majors recognize the benefit of scholars and sociology majors and poets and musicians and painters walking with them, challenging them, widening their experiences—just as Arts and Humanities majors recognize that in technology, in physics, in business, in computer studies are truths that also touch their lives deeply.

Finally, we should remember that a university should exist (although not ignoring basic pragmatic necessities) not as a business or corporation which "turns out" or "produces" graduates, but as a place where the young, middle-aged, and old come to spend four years or more equipping themselves to be fully alive, knowledgeable, sensitive individuals able to live full and responsible lives in a modern world where unreason and madness too often prevail.

DICK ALLEN, Charles A. Dana Professor of English at UB, will be on a sabbatical semester this spring, completing his next four books: two anthologies and two collections of his poetry. His seventh book, "Overnight in the Guest House of the Mystic," will be published by Louisiana State University Press in Spring, 1984.

Knights Trounce St. Michael's

by Kevin Bresnahan

The streaking UB cage team recorded two big victories this past week as they trounced St. Michael's College 79-59 and then upset undefeated Central Connecticut State University by a 67-60 count.

The Knights' got off to a slow start up in Winooski, Vermont as the outside shooting of Tony Ray and Bob Milliken helped St. Mike's jump out to a 36-29 first half lead. The red-hot guards combined for 24 of their team's 36 points in the half. What really hurt the Knights in the first half, however, was a technical foul that was charged to Mark Butigian just a minute before intermission. After fouling Milliken in the backcourt Butigian had some words with the officials. Three Milliken free throws and a St. Mike basket on the ensuing possession resulted, and left the Knights trailing by seven at the half.

The second half was a completely different story. UB's tenacious full court press forced 13 St. Mike turnovers, five of them John O'Reilly steals, as the Knights turned the game around. The stellar defensive efforts limited the sharp shooting Ray to just a pair of baskets and the entire St. Mike team to only 23 markers on the half. Butigian, whose first half shooting kept UB close, continued his hot shooting in the second half to give UB the lead, and late in the half O'Reilly picked up the scoring by hitting 12 of 16 free throws. The classy guard finished with 20 points, way above his season average of only three points per game.

Butigian led all scorers with 24 points, while Chris Dickey (11) and Dave Smith (10) hit double figures as well.

UB then returned to the friendly confines of the Harvey Hubbell gym and delighted a home crowd with the upset of the NECC's top ranked team. UB was led by talented Smith, who poured in 20 points with a variety of outside shots and drives to the basket, and aided by some clutch free throw shooting by Clarence Gordon down the stretch.

UB came up with another fine defensive effort against Central, limiting their opponents to just nine for 40 shooting in the first half, and 24 for 78 on the game. In the first half, though, the Knights suffered some ice cold shooting themselves and went into intermission in a 28-all deadlock. The play of UB's talented freshman, Smith and Frank Brown, is what kept the Knights from falling behind during the half, as the two first year men combined for 19 points.

The second half featured more of the same, as the game

was tied eight times until Smith started a run of eight straight free throws for the Knights with two of his own. This left Central in a position where all they could do was foul, so they zeroed in on Gordon as their target and pushed, slapped and hacked the Knight center whether he had the ball or not. All that accomplished was seven more points for Gordon, and a seven point

victory for UB.

Besides Smith's 20 points, UB scoring came from Butigian who had 14 markers, and Brown, Dickey, and Gordon who hit for nine apiece.

The win puts UB in first place in the NECC and at 5-3 overall, and they now travel to Providence, RI to take on Bryant College in a non-league game.



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SPORTS

Hockey Club Benefits from Hat Tricks and Shutouts

The UB hockey squad had a hectic three game schedule last week. Going into their first game on Sunday against Southern Connecticut, their record stood at 3-3. Playing a fairly disorganized game UB was hardly a match for Southern, losing 8-3.

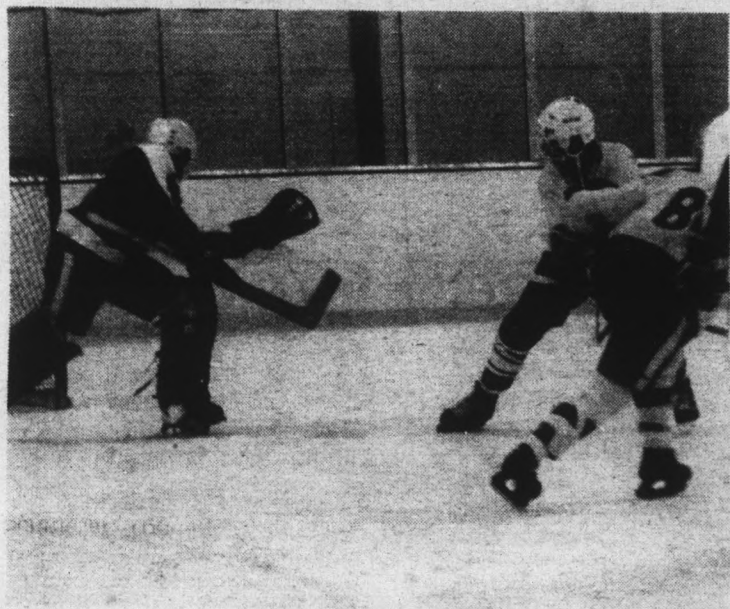
The Knights got their act together against Marist College and skated to a 10-5 victory. For the second time this season the club played an offensive game led by the hat-tricks of Bruce Askinos and George Swift. Going into the second however, UB scored only two second period goals compared to three by Marist. UB did regain their composure late in the second half and regained control of the game with goals coming from Askinos, Swift, Duane Utke-wicz, John Firmstrom, and Mike Schmeiler. Todd Glickstern was

a fine example of team player contributing four assists.

Full of confidence the Purple Knights skated rather easily by a hapless Maritime Academy Team, shutting them out 6-0. UB controlled the game throughout.

Neither team played particularly well in skating to a scoreless first period tie. In the third period however, the Purple Knights came alive registering three goals, two from Kelly and one from Schmeiler. Goal-tender Al Rykhof didn't give in to the Maritime shooters. Schmeiler, Steve Ternzio, and Tom Swift netted three more goals for UB and Rykhof held on for his first shutout of the season.

The Knights will face Kings Point College on Wednesday, December 14th. The team now stands at 5-4.



Rykhof makes the save.

Dollars or Definity?

by John Kovach

Another college football season is coming to a close, and the discussion in football circles is again concerning the lack of a definitive national champion decided on the playing field. The national champion is decided by polls.

Granted that should Nebraska win the Orange Bowl they will rightfully be voted number one because of their devastation of many opponents. But in years when two or more teams have identical records, who is to say who deserves the championship? The polls and the fact that there are a number of them leads to controversy.

All other Division I sports have playoff systems, as do Division III, II, and I-AA football. But odds are that this will never happen.

Even in minor bowls such as

the Independence Bowl, for example, a tremendous amount of income is earned by the hosts. Bowl organizers would not want a change from the format that makes them money. They want the teams that draw crowds in their area, regardless of their records.

The minor bowls should be used as elimination rounds. After surviving these rounds, teams would play in a major bowl, such as the Rose Bowl, with the winner being awarded the national championship.

Odds are that this will never happen. There is much too much money to be made from college athletics the way they are now.

TRIVIA: Answer to last week's question; Although the building is the same, the St. Louis Blues' home's new name is The Arena.

Hurley's Holiday Hotline

by Tim Hurley

Christmas comes but once a year, and this week I spread a little cheer to the needy of the sporting world.

To The New York Jets: a couple of new defensive backs (possibly Georgia's Terry Hoage) now that Johnny Lynn and Jerry Holmes have taken off to the USFL.

To Doug Flutie: (who's tall enough in my book), his younger brother Darren, to hand the ball off to next year when his arm gets tired, and an undefeated season complete with Cotton Bowl victory, in 1984.

To Willie Nelson and Willie Mays Aikens: each a set of Ben Hogan golf clubs and a couple of tennis racquets to be put to good use during their stay at the club this winter.

Harry Carson: a trade to Tampa Bay.

To Coach Bruce Webster: 4 more Dave Smith's in next year's crop of hoop recruits.

To Don King: a curling iron.

To Shea Stadium: a USFL franchise whose owners can overlook dirty restrooms.

To U.B.: a football team.

To Dave & Don Maloney: 2 Gillette Atras, one can of Gillette Foamy, and one can of after-shave.

To Sylvain Turgeon of the Hartford Whalers: one fake i.d., (it's twenty in Connecticut Sly!)

To Billy Sims: one bag of pure West Virginia coal—Come on, Billy, we know you've signed with the Gamblers!

To John O'Reilly: the willingness to take the open jumper.

To Dwayne Crutchfield: a better excuse for being released, and success and happiness in Houston while blocking for the Earl.

To The Yale University Football Team: a ten-game schedule next season with the Princeton Tigers as their only opponent.

To Nick Giaquinto: another Super Bowl ring—Take notice Pres. Miles he did play here, way back in the early seventies.

To Hubie Brown: a power forward and a personal body-guard. Hubie you've got to watch what you say about some of these guys!

To Brian Sipe: one bag of pure Pennsylvania coal—Come on Brian, we know you've signed

ed with The New Jersey Generals!

To William Andrews: just a little bit of recognition.

To Marcus Dupree: the Heisman Trophy in 1985.

To The New York Mets: a home-run hitting catcher (3 Met catchers combined for a grand total of 1 HR in 1983).

To Art Schlichter: a tryout with the Houston Gamblers.

To Jim Brown and Sugar Ray Leonard: the common sense not to return to their respective sports.

To the U.B. Law School: a new mascot.

To Joe Montana: season tickets to Barry Manilow concerts.

To Chico Resch: The Vezina Trophy as the league's best goalie.

To George Steinbrenner: a pocket calculator to keep track of his puppets er...managers.

To Pat LaFontaine: a gold medal in this year's Olympics but not a Stanley Cup Championship ring.

To Mark Gastineau: a pair of boxing gloves and a haircut.

To Willie Huber and Barry Beck: a couple of Cabbage Patch Kids.

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